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Smile

[teeth](#) [man](#) [date](#)

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

The man in the sharp suit surveyed his factory workers, who ran back and forth like ants in a farm. His stomach fought against his cheap two piece.

His name is Johannesburg Jones, and he is the owner of the largest toothpaste factory in the world. And he's looking for love.

Chapter 2 by Andrew Hartmann



His main technique of trying to impress women is his smile. Since he makes the best toothpaste you can find in lightyears, he has the biggest, brightest smile around.

His tactic did not really work because it just lowered the women's self esteem. They were so embarrassed that they wouldn't even show their teeth during dates.

Maybe he should go at it a different route...

Chapter 3 by Catkin Meow



I think he should go with a more subtle approach. He needs to understand what people want. Instead of them looking at him, he should look at them. See more of Story Wars

By Story Wars

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Well, what about E-Harmony? He signs up and chooses a picture of his brightest smile for his profile pic.

A week later, and still, not a single like or comment or message. Saddened, he turns on the news. Apparently, no less than twenty women have gone blind soon after logging into the dating app. How strange.

Chapter 5 by Melanie



Does he have to hide what brings him his greatest pride, his smile? How can he hide such a glorious thing? Prosthetic teeth! It's the only way.

When he first inserts the hideous teeth he notices how uncomfortable they feel. He looks at himself in the mirror for the first time and almost throws up in his mouth. He dreads the thought of leaving the house with his new teeth.

Chapter 6 by Brandon Lozano



His sharp features cannot outperform the literal sharpness (of colour) of his teeth. Prosthetic teeth may not be the best option for Johannesburg; He needs something else.

Johannesburg searched through his pantry for yellow dye, the kind you typically use for baking. After minutes of search, he found an unopened box containing hi-strength yellow dye. It was getting dark outside, and the gloomy tone of his modern kitchen [at night] made the scene seem mysterious and naive. A sort of hidden, evil laboratory used to manufacture the cruel devices of the world. He prepared a dish with the dye and water, and as well as a small, fine brush. Similar to the ones you find in nail polish. In front of his mirror, he used the mixture to apply a coating of dye to his front teeth, and slowly progressing to the back teeth. He did not salivate, nor move his lips; He did not pressure him self; He knew there was no way back.

And after two hours of precise work, Johannesburg was done. His teeth no longer served the function of a mirror, but served as sharp, stained wedges used to grind food; In other words, as

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it to put it into a fixed, masculine position, and with phone in one hand, and keys in the other, he walked out to his garage, and prepared for the exhilarating night.

Chapter 7 by Erika Logofet



As you probably already know Johannesburg was quite the gentleman. Dressed in a tuxedo, he left his mansion into a small quiet bar. He didn't understand why people hung out in a places like this. The smell was foul and drinks were not as good as his butler Zeek's.

Nobody was in the bar but him, until the door blew open, and a beautiful, elegant woman came in. Johannesburgs cheeks went red.

Chapter 8 by Capri Scious



However, she paid close to no attention to him. Instead, she sat by herself at the furthest stool from him, and ordered a Bloody Mary.

A cocktail woman, he thought to himself, is the best kind of woman.

Confident that he could make her fall for him, Johannesburg stood up, and walked toward her. He sat down right beside her, and ordered a Mojito.

“Can I get another drink for this fine young woman,” he said to the bartender, who nodded and started preparing a second Bloody Mary.

Johannesburg turned to the woman, who smiled somewhat nervously.

“What brings you here, tonight?” He asked her.

“Well, sir, to be—“

“None sense! Call me Joe,” he smiled, and she continued.

“To be honest, I’m here on a date with my husband.”

At that moment, a man entered the bar, and when he saw them, he stopped dead in his tracks.

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What are you doing with
embarrassment, Johannesburg?

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As he made his way back to his car, in the coolness of the night, he wondered why it was so hard for him to find the woman of his dreams. Why couldn't he have a chance?

Lost in his daydream, he accidentally ran straight in into a woman, who fell to the ground with a squeal.

His face turned bright red and he hurried to help her up, cursing himself under his breath.

"I'm Johannesburg," he said quietly.

"I'm Margaret," she smiled back, and when she smiled at him, he noticed how yellow her teeth were.

Somehow he knew that she was the one.

And together they walked into the night.

the end

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